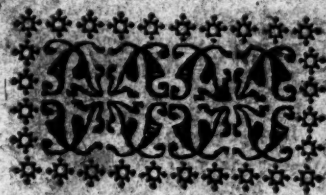


No 14
Rightful MONARCHY:
OR,
Revolution TYRANNY.

A
SATYR:
BEING A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
High-Dutch ILLUSTRIOUS,
AND
Low-Dutch GLORIOUS.



Printed in the YEAR, 1722.

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Return of the

SALES

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Printed in the Year 1722



Rightful MONARCH:

O R,

Revolution TYRANNY.

✿ * ✿ Omg had Usurping GEORGE in Council
✿ L ✿ (fate,

✿ * ✿ To hear his BLOOD-HOUNDS wrangle
(and debate,

On some moment'ous black Affair of State.

Thus sore fatigu'd, and much disturb'd in Mind,
Hastens to Bed in hopes Repose to find;

But the sharp Pangs which rack'd his guilty Breast,
Disturb'd his Quiet, and deny'd him Rest.

CONSCIENCE and SLEEP a tedious Conflict had,
Neither could Conquer, Both wou'd be Obey'd;
Morpheus too weak to gain the Victory,
Calls for Assistance from his firm Ally;

Who whisper'd in the Restless *Tyrant's* Ear,
 'Tis *Bacchus* only now can drown your Care;
 Why shou'd your busy Thoughts this Pother keep,
 One hearty Dose conveys your Soul to Sleep?
BACCHUS was nigh, and heard the hasty Call,
 Held forth a *Brimmer*, made him drink it all;
 Then *MERCURY* laid *MUNSTER* in his Arms,
 To rock the *Beast* and lull him with her Charms;
 And thus the drowfy *God* his Eye-lids clos'd,
 In spite of Thought the *Monster* dreamt and dos'd.

CONSCIENCE thus trick'd to Stratagem applies,
 Strait to th' Infernal Shades she downwards flies,
 Finds *CONNINGS MARK*, and *WILLIAM's* ghastly
 (Shades,

Who due Attention gave while thus she pleads.

' Confederating Foes above have join'd
 ' Their Skill, to Ease the Tortures of the Mind;
 ' And in th' Attempt have so Successful been,
 ' A *Villain* Sleeps beneath a Load of Sin.
 ' Espouse my Cause, and wake him in a Fright!
 ' Thus by your Help I may regain my Right,
 ' And you be pleas'd, *Revenge* is your *Delight*.

They

' Not all the Pomp and Grandeur of a Throne;
 ' By Force and Fraud, by Rapine made thy own;
 ' Can heal the Wounds I give, or can allay
 ' Your Nightly Pangs, or Terrors of the Day;
 ' *Murder, Adult'ry, and vile Theft* where e'er,
 ' You fly, to shun 'em are for ever near;
 ' These are your Equipage where e'er you roam,
 ' And keep pace with you wheresoe'er you come;
 ' These smarting *Goads* serenity destroy,
 ' They stifle Pleasure and o'ershadow Joy.
 ' Amidst your *Masks and Plays* your *Dull* Court,
 ' These rudely rush and damp the frolick Sport;
 ' A Wretch like you, so full of deadly Sin,
 ' Sees Heav'n without, but feels a Hell within.

The TYRANT to his Senses being brought,
 And after many mugging heaving Thought,
 Part of the Charge his guilty Soul confest,
 But did against the other Part protest;
 And to extenuate his Crimes he said,
 ' Love and Revenge in my Defence will plead;
 ' Two Potent Passions not to be withstood,
 ' By the depraved Force of *Flesh and Blood*:

' Who

' Who can foregoe the grand Delights of Life,
 ' Or not destroy the *Wretch* defiles his *Wife*?
 ' Should not the bounteous *Gods* such Slips forgive,
 ' They might alone within their Heaven live :
 ' But not to drive too far, this is my Will,
 ' And this one Tenet I shall keep to still,
 ' My INCLINATION always to fulfil :
 ' I know I differ from the canting *Priest*,
 ' But I, who own no *God* but INTEREST,
 ' Esteem his Contradiction but a Jest;
 ' For when Religion counter runs with me,
 ' Like *Whig* and *Tory*, we shall disagree.

' But Brother WILLIAM what makes you ap-
 (pear,
 ' You have my *Pity*, but you bring no *Fear*?
 ' To *Thieves* like you a terrour you may strike,
 ' But your Pretence and mine are much unlike ;
 ' Against the Law of Nature you rebell'd,
 ' But I the Law of Nature have fulfill'd ;
 ' You war'd against the *Church* and *Faith's* Supreme,
 ' I but oppose a base *Pretender's* Claim ;

' You

' You V I E T A R M I S drove him out of Door,
 ' And sent him banish'd to another Shoar,
 ' Like an inhuman *Brute*, distress'd and poor.
 ' You made a *Strumpet* of your *Royal Mother*,
 ' And to my Comfort Bastardiz'd your *Brother* ;
 ' You rudely crush'd a *Royal Parent* down,
 ' And mounted with insulting Steps his *Throne* ;
 ' You pav'd th' ambitious Paths that I have trod,
 ' And if I'm wrong the Fault is yours by G---d.

Nassau, ' I start at your audacious Charge and
 (Sense,

' That dare thus justify a false Pretence,
 ' And insolently vindicate a Cause,
 ' As opposite to *Justice* as the *Laws* :
 ' 'Tis an enormous Crime by Craft or Might,
 ' To take a Crown that is another's Right.

Bruns. ' What a prepost'rous *Wretch* art thou be-
 (come,

' I'th' World a *Devil* and a *Saint* i'th' Tomb ?
 ' Of rank Hypocrisy thy Phrases smell,
 ' What have you learn'd to Cant and Preach in
 (Hell ?
 ' You

' You that gull'd Heaven and befool'd the State,
 ' With the fair specious term of A B D I C A T E ;
 ' That you are justly damn'd none can dispute,
 ' Nor any to my Charge your Crimes impute ;
 ' You spur'd by Pride and vain ambitious Thought,
 ' Against an *Unkle* and a *Father* fought ;
 ' Broke thro' the Ties of Duty and of Love,
 ' And 'gainst the Laws of God and Man you strove ;
 ' The *Devil* and the *Dutch* your Two stanch Friends,
 ' Lent you Assistance to attain your Ends ;
 ' Which join'd at Home by a rebellious Crew,
 ' Who thro' pure *Zeal* wou'd damn themselves }
 ' (for you, }
 ' Y o u from a *Prince* up to a *Monarch* grew.
 ' And when Invested with a Sov'reign Sway,
 ' Compleatly Wicked and compleatly Gay,
 ' To settle a confused Kingdom right,
 ' And both the J A M E S ' s Claims extinguish quite ;
 ' The Parliament from a Convention grown,
 ' For their dear Safety, well as for your own,
 ' A Formal A C T of Settlement ordain'd,
 ' Least what you'd got, by *Right* should be regain'd ;
 ' They all agreed in O N E it should reside,
 ' Both by Religion, and by Blood ally'd ;

' And when they'd rummag'd all the Lineage
(round,

' In my Illustrious House that O N E was found :

' My Mother being dead it was my Lot ;

' Thus by the Kingdoms Laws my *Crown* I got :

' Tho' you by Hellish Means the *Power* gain'd,

' Yet *Power* is *Power* howe'er it is obtain'd ;

' As you were King, a Parliament 'twas then,

' And by the joint Consent enacted when,

' A *Trinity, King, Lords, and Commons* who,

' Are *Gods* on Earth omnipotent below ;

' Whose unconfin'd Authority can do,

' Whate'er their *Will* and *Pleasure* prompts 'em to ;

' 'Tis they that can *Repeal, Annul, Create,*

' *Pervert, Establish, or Annihilate,*

' *Divorce, Depose, set up, or Abdicate.*

' They *Transubstantiation* claim like *Rome,*

' When they'd the Nations *Peace* and *Wealth* con-
(sume :

' And can do more than transmute Bread and
(Wine,

' For when Majority of Y E A S combine,

' They'll change illegal *Right*, to *Right* Divine.

' Now

(II)

‘ Now *Monster* of Impiety, am I,
‘ To be compar’d with you in Villany ?
‘ Our Case is diff’rent, different our Cause,
‘ You were a King by *Force*, I by the Laws ;
‘ In other Words to speak the self same Thing,
You an *Usurper* was, but I a lawful King.

Nass. ‘ Give o’er these trivial Arguments for
(Shame!

‘ I tell you Man we’re equally to blame :
‘ I own the wicked Dictates of my Heart,
‘ And for Ambition now severely smart ;
‘ If I, by *Usurpation* gain’d the Crown,
‘ On that *Foundation* only stands your own !
‘ The antient Law this Nation did enjoy,
‘ Power may rattle, but cannot destroy ;
‘ *Hereditary Right* may be postpon’d,
‘ And by a *Monarch’s* strength may be dethron’d ;
‘ An Heir kept out, but what resistless Force,
‘ Can stop the Current or divert the Course,
‘ Of the Succession in the Royal Line ?
‘ For ’tis supported by a *Right Divine* ;
‘ We may perhaps a while subvert the *State*,
‘ But yet that Law we ne’er can abrogate :

' You urge that I assented to enact,
 ' That wish'd for Blessing, the *Succession ACT* :
 ' 'Tis true I did, when I had gain'd my Ends,
 ' Bestow that Sugar-Plumb among my Friends ;
 ' Whence your *Mock-Title* and your *Right* descends. }
 ' But whence had I my *Claim*, by whom was't
 (giv'n ?

' I promise you I had it not from Heav'n :
 ' No, Brother, no ! I speak it to my Shame,
 ' I was a King in Nothing but in Name ;
 ' For he that by illegal Means obtains,
 ' Is ne'er the more a King because he Reigns ;
 ' And tho' Success may crown ambitious Lust,
 ' It cannot make a *Lawless Title* just :
 ' From whence 'tis plain that neither they, nor I,
 ' Had either Power or Authority,
 ' To place the Crown upon that *Clodpate Head*,
 ' Or to transmit it to your *driv'ling Seed* ;
 ' For *Lords* and *Commons*, when the King is gone,
 ' Are like a *Cypher* that stands all alone ;
 ' Like *Aesop's Ass* clad with the *Lyon's Skin*,
 ' Thro' the false Mask their Weakness may be seen ;
 ' Tho' with the *STUBBORN Senate* I agreed,
 ' Yet none but *Rebels* did approve the Deed ;
 ' What-

‘ Whatever I in your Behalf have done,
 ‘ To injure thus my Father and his Son,
 ‘ Tho’ it may pass among the *Rebel-Band*,
 ‘ It won’t before the Bar of Justice stand ;
 ‘ Then if from me your *Scepter* you derive,
 ‘ And from my Gift hold your *Prerogative*,
 ‘ You take on *Trust* what was not mine to give.
 ‘ The more you search, the more you’ll find it true,
 ‘ I an *Usurper* was, and so are *You* :
 ‘ In fine to sum up all in one short Word,
 ‘ Your *Title*, BRUNSWICK, is not worth a T—d.

Bruns. ‘ But I invited was by gen’ral Voice,
 ‘ The People’s *Darling*, and the People’s *Choice*.

Nass. ‘ And so was I ! That very *Case* was mine,
 ‘ But *Invitation* is no *Right Divine* ;
 ‘ I their *Deliverer* was from all their Fears,
 ‘ Expell’d their Sorrow and dry’d up their Tears ;
 ‘ And from imaginary Dangers freed,
 ‘ Their *Darling Church*, their *Liturgy* and *Creed*.

Bruns. ‘ And do not I that very *Church* secure ;
 ‘ Is not my *Zeal* as fervent and as pure ?

Nass.

Nass. 'Faith much alike, you take the self same
 (Course,
 'And like me change the *Scene* from bad to worse :
 'The Fear of *Popery* to drive away,
 'Darling *Fanaticism* you bring in Play ;
 'Tis what I did before you I must own,
 'And is the surest Way to keep the Crown ;
 'For as we came to't by the Help of those,
 'Who are the Church of *England's* chiefest *Foes* ;
 'And whom we must oblige, yet may pretend,
 'That very Church of *England* to defend,
 'And out of Fashion-Sake devoutly swear,
 'That she alone is our peculiar Care ;
 'Yet should our *Practice* and our *Oath* agree,
 'Old Nick might take the *British Crown* for ME :
 'Dissenters then would *Grumbletonians* turn,
 'Kindled with Rage, they'd with Resentment burn,
 'And snatch it off, or fix it with a *Thorn*.
 'It is the wisest Way, be rul'd by me,
 'Ne'er let your *Conscience* and your *Tongue* agree.

Bruns. 'Be gone! I scorn it, and won't hear you

(prate;

'I'll not forswear nor yet equivocate;

'My *Friends* who brought me hither, and support

'The stately *Grandeur* of my *Pompous Court*;

'Who have advanc'd me to this goodly Seat,

'Beyond aspiring *Wishes* made me Great;

'Have promis'd mighty Things and many done

'For me and for that *Hopeful Prince* my Son,

'Who for their *Sakes* I did vouchsafe to own.

'These *Friends*, I say, who've made me now their

(*Liege*,

'It is my Resolution to oblige:

'The *Church Episcopal* which they don't love,

'Enabled by their Help I will remove;

'The superstitious *Fopperies* deface,

'And plant a far more decent in its Place;

'A Church! The Reformation have reform'd:

'Who for my *House* have wond'rous Feats per-

(form'd.

'Shall be th' *Establish'd Faith* I'll propogate,

'And *Calvin* reign triumphant in the State.

'To this *Establish'd Church* I plight my *Troth*,

'And by protecting it shall keep my *Oath*;

'Impor-

‘ Important Matters creep but slowly on,
 ‘ But Time shall finish what I have begun.

Nass. Bravely resolv’d! with envious Joy I’m
 fill’d;

‘ To see my self in Wickedness excell’d.
 ‘ In *Scotland* I perform’d that glorious Work,
 ‘ And turn’d the Sacred *Church* into a *Kirk*;
 ‘ But here in vain successful did pursue
 ‘ That great *Design* which is reserv’d for you.
 ‘ Besides, as your *Case* stands I think it fit,
 ‘ With utmost Speed you now abolish it.
 ‘ There’s something in it suits not well your State,
 ‘ Her *Principles* will make you wise too late.
 ‘ She ’gainst the *Constitution* boldly rails,
 ‘ The blessed *Revolution* fierce assails;
 ‘ She bids the *Thief* his *Plunder* to restore,
 ‘ Become a *Penitent* and sin no more,

Brans. ‘ Does She, *Morbliu*? I’ll kick her out
 (of Door.)

Nass. ‘ *Passive Obedience* she does loudly preach,
 ‘ And *Non-Resisting Arguments* does teach:

‘ Strange

' Strange Frantick Stories in your Ear she'll tell,
 ' How that it is Damnation to rebel ;
 ' Therefore your Friends mislike her, for say they,
 ' As long as Kings are *Good* we must obey ;
 ' But when they *Rule amiss*, then we may rise
 ' In the Defence of our dear *Properties*
 ' We know what does to Government belong,
 ' And are best Judges what is *Right* and *Wrong* ;
 ' The whole Result of all they say is this,
 ' Please 'em, and you do well, if not amiss.
 ' This is a *Doctrine* fits both them and you,
 ' For shou'd you think the other Church speaks }
 (true }
 ' You would not rest 'till *Cæsar* had his due.

Bruns. ' No, no ! I like it not, this last for me,
 ' I warrant you my Friends and I'll agree ;
 ' For why should either Side dispute or bawl,
 ' About Religion, who have none at all.
 ' Let me but be with *Pride* and *Plenty* blest,
 ' Seemingly honour'd, fawningly carest :
 ' And to their Management I'll leave the Rest. }
 ' Thus will I deal with my dear darling *Elves* ;
 ' If I can't please 'em, they may please themselves.

Nass. Good ! good egad ? I won't pretend to vie,
 ' With thee dear B R U N, in *Vice* or *Policy* ;
 ' They're proper *Heads* to manage your Design,
 ' Fit *Engineers* to Labour in your *Mine* ;
 ' But if the Church of *England* you employ,
 ' Your borrow'd Title they wou'd soon destroy ;
 ' From whence this *Precept* I before you lay,
 ' Permit 'em for to prompt but never Play,
 ' Go on and prosper the great *Task* pursue,
 ' And be at once a *Tool* and *Tyrant* too.

Brun. ' Thou spiteful *Fiend*, whose Talent's to
 (defame
 ' I loath the *Title* and defy the *Name* ;
 ' That *Epithet* fits you, for you indeed,
 ' Destroy'd in *Numbers* and made *Legions* Bleed ;
 ' In *Ireland* how many Souls were lost,
 ' Yet but a handful to what *Flanders* Cost ?
 ' Whole Armies at a Time resign'd their Breath,
 ' While you Triumphant glory'd in their Death ;
 ' Destruction follow'd wherefoe'er you fought,
 ' And ev'ry *Victory* was dearly bought :
 ' But 'tis not worth the Naming my few slain,
 ' Either at *Rebel-Preston*, or *Dumblain* ;

Nass.

Nass. 'Tho' Numbers perish, in their Countries
 (Cause,
 ' Who fight for *Honour, Proffit, or Applause* :
 ' Their *Fate* is owing to inconstant *Chance*,
 ' And no Way doth the Sov'reign's Crime inhance ;
 ' For when the *Reason's* just, and C A U S E is good,
 ' We are not then accountable for *Blood* :
 ' But when we wage unwarrantable Wars,
 ' We are no longer *Kings* but *Murderers* :
 ' Our *Foes* and *Subjects* equally we kill,
 ' And must Account for all the Blood we spill.
 ' This is too bad, but oh the pond'rous Weight,
 ' Of killing Subjects with delib'rate Hate !
 ' For one *dead Warrant* with dire Malice joyn'd,
 ' Stamps a perpetual Terror on the Mind.

Bruns. 'That's true ! Look back upon the dis-
 (mal Scroll,
 ' The dreadful Vision shocks your very Soul !
 ' View all the slaughter'd Tribe of *Glencoe's Race*,
 ' Crying for Vengeance, stare you in the Face !

‘ See noble FENWICK’S Fall, with ASHTON’S
 (End,
 ‘ And PERKIN’S Martyrdom, with Sir JOHN
 (FRIEND;

‘ With many more to Death unjustly driv’n,
 ‘ Whom your *Revenge* untimely sent to Heav’n.

Nass. ‘ This fatal *Truth* is not to be deny’d,
 ‘ My Sins too often I in Crimfon dy’d;
 ‘ The more’s my Woe, but yet I’m short of you,
 ‘ Who almost Hourly wou’d your Hands imbrue;
 ‘ In *Loyal*, *Innocent*, and *Noble* *Gore*,
 ‘ Yet with *insatiable Thirst*, would gape for more;
 ‘ You sacrifice whole *Hecatombs* to spite,
 ‘ The *Axe* and *Halter* are your dear Delight;
 ‘ My Reign produc’d a Rivulet of Blood,
 ‘ Your Two Years *Tyranny* did Cause a Flood;
 ‘ Besides, the wretched *Families* bewail,
 ‘ Whose *Heads* have perish’d, or been starv’d in
 (Goal.

Bruns. ‘ This testy *Accusation* I defy,
 ‘ My *Council* are the Authors, and not I,
 ‘ Of these stupendous *Acts* of Cruelty.

‘ They

‘ They, and my *House of Commons* have decreed,
 ‘ That half the Kingdom for my Sake should bleed,
 ‘ They are the *Doctors* of this sickly Land,
 ‘ And best its *Constitution* understand;
 ‘ They often have in Consultation sate,
 ‘ Hotly mature, and violent sedate;
 ‘ They all conclude her State of Health is bad,
 ‘ Touch’d with a *Loyal Meagrim* running mad;
 ‘ Which may in Time to Civil Wars advance,
 ‘ If cherish’d with the Hopes of *Aid* from France,
 ‘ They have prescrib’d *Confinement* for a Cure,
 ‘ Of this destructive raging *Calenture*;
 ‘ Least the infectious Fire should get a Head,
 ‘ And thro’ the whole corrupted *Mass* should spread,
 ‘ In fine they all unanimously urge,
 ‘ *Phlebotomy* is necessary, and a *Purge*:
 ‘ When the *Disease* is so malignant grown,
 ‘ The *Potion* must be strong to work it down;
 ‘ They first all gentle *Operations* try,
 ‘ Such as the *Lash*, the *Fine* and *Pillory*;
 ‘ And when these *Med’cines* are too weak to do,
 ‘ They give the *Scaffold* and the *Gallows* too;
 ‘ And when by sharp Severities brought low,
 ‘ It necessary is to keep ’em so;

* ’Tis

'Tis out of Charity that they oppress,
 They must abridge their *Plenty* and *Excess*.
Two Thirds substracted from their common *Food*,
 Will stop Relapses and confirm our *Good* :
 Thanks for this *Grand Catholicon* we owe,
 To a *Stanch State-Physician* now below :
Immortal Wharton ever judg'd it best,
 To *perjure* one half, and to *starve* the rest !
 As for my Part I do no *Hurt* or *Good* ;
 I understand not, nor am understood ;
 If any Thing's amiss 'tis they're to blame,
 I only when they bid me write my Name ;
 I guiltless am of either *Spite* or *Love*,
 Act by their *Will*, by their *Direction* move ;
 If that displease, henceforth I'll tamely stand,
Stupid and *senseless* whilst they guide my Hand.

Nass. ' That will not do ! And I must tell you }
 (plain, }

' All you have urg'd in your *Excuse* is vain,
 ' You are a *King* tho' most unfit to reign.
 ' For when *Invested Power* you misuse,
 'Tis you must answer for that *Power's Abuse* ;

'Tis

'Tis not the *Heat* by which your *Councils* move,
 Will justify your Cause at Bar above ;
 A double Motive spurs on their Career,
 Their *present Int'rest* and their *future Fear* ;
 Join'd with a *feral* and *revengeful* H A T E,
 To *Church* and *Monarchy* inveterate ;
 These push 'em on to act like *savage Brutes*,
 Rash in *Resolves* and hot in their *Disputes* ;
 Conscious of all the Wrongs their Rage hath
 (done.
 They must prevent their *Rightful* K I N G 's R E -
 (TURN :
 For tho' they know *He's* exquisitely Good,
 Easy to pardon, yet however shou'd ?
 His *Justice* louder than his *Mercy* call,
 The *Faction* must to utter *Ruin* fall.
 Therefore *Extreams* against *Extreams* they put,
 And by *Barbarity* keep *Danger* out ;
 To which if you consent the Act's your own,
 And that must beat your weaker Reason down.

Bruns. ' With what Assurance you against me
 (plead.

' Who murder'd many for those *Plots* you made ?

' Poor

' Poor *Charnock*, *King* and *Keys* the Truth attest,
 ' Who swung for Crimes that issu'd from your
 (Breast ;
 ' You had your *Porter* ready at your *Will*,
 ' Prompted by You alone to *save* or *kill*.
 ' I have my *Drunken Parson Patten*, who
 ' Is both a *Rebel* and a *Witness* too :
 ' Equal with *Porter* in the Depth of *Ill*,
 ' As *Stanch a Villian*, be he what he will.
 ' Now where's the odds ?

Nass. ' ————— I own the Fact is true,
 ' And will not father it upon *La Rue* ;
 ' His the Contrivance was, but my Consent,
 ' Makes all the *Ill* my own, which I lament,
 ' But you are harden'd and will not repent. }
 ' Nor have you less of *Folly* than of *Vice*,
 ' Who cannot penetrate a State Disguise ?
 ' That very *Ministry* you now embrace,
 ' Both *undermine* and gull you to your Face ;
 ' Blinded with *Pomp* and *Wealth* you cannot see,
 ' What very *Rogues* and *Hypocrites* they be.
 ' How *Janus like* they look a Two-fold Way,
 ' And in the midst of Flattery betray ;

' Pointing

Pointing to fix your Government secure,
 ' They make your *Rain* and *Destruction* sure
 ' All the whole Faction are a dang'rous Herd,
 ' *Restless* when down, and *Frantick* when prefer'd.
 ' *Lofly* at Board, *Insulting* when in Place,
 ' *Surly* when outed, *Envious* in Disgrace.
 ' Either *pufft* up with *Pride* and *Haughty Mien*,
 ' Or else *POSSESS'D* with a *TEMPER*
 (T U O U S S P L E E N,
 ' In *fine*, but all their Industry employ,
 ' The very Name of *Monarch* to destroy;
 ' A *Crowned Head* is a detested Thing,
 ' They'd hate th' *Almighty* if He were their King.
 ' They want the *Power* on themselves devolv'd,
 ' And the *Old Constitution* quite dissolv'd;
 ' A *Hogan Common-Wealth* is all their Care,
 ' That they the *High Authority* may share;
 ' And under this most plausible Pretence,
 ' The *Church's Safety*, and the *CROWN'S DEFENCE*,

‘ They put you on those Things will quickly make

‘ The *Church* to totter, and the *Crown* to shake.

‘ They know that these *Tyrannick* Ways will

(fright,

‘ And make you odious in the People’s Sight.

‘ As likewise to your *Foes*, your *Friends* unite.

‘ When *Feuds* and *Discords* to their Summits grow,

‘ *Rebellions* must upon *Rebellions* flow,

‘ And *Civil Fairs* enforce your Overthrow.

‘ These are the *Times* they hope to bring about,

‘ Whose secret Aim is but to drive you out ;

‘ That in the midst of these Confusions T H E Y

‘ May get the P O W E R, and obtain the Sway.

‘ Th’ Illustrious T H R O N G that daily grace your

(Court,

‘ Their poor exhausted Fortunes to support ;

‘ With artful Accents your weak Ears may fill,

‘ That Kings are Kings, and Kings can do no Ill ;

‘ That

' That your Defence alone is all their Aim,
 ' Godlike your Actions, and renown'd your
 ' (Fame,
 ' Whilst *Avarice* and *Pride* their very Souls do claim,
 ' And when a C R I S I S hap's will strike that *Blow*,
 ' Shall prove at once your total O V E R T H R O W :
 ' These are the *Monsters* that surround your Throne,
 ' Truth their D I S D A I N, and Loyalty their S C O R N.

' See gaping at your Elbow greedy stand,
 ' A train of *Sunderlands* to bear Command ;
 ' One prov'd the Kingdom's and my Father's *Bane*,
 ' Whose *Spawn* now pilots and directs your Reign :
 ' Who tho' he can't your E M P T Y T I T L E claim,
 ' He still is K I N G in ev'ry Thing but N A M E :
 ' The Laws as Martyrs to the Fire he'd doom,
 ' To give your Arbitrary *Will* more Room ;
 ' But while you favour him above the rest,
 ' You hugg a *Noxious Viper* in your Breast :

' Like MIGHTY MARLB'ROUGH, that prodigious
 (Man,
 ' Expert in *Fraud*, and dext'rous to *Trepan* ;
 ' Mean in Original, and base in Heart,
 ' Whose *Nature* was betraying, not his Art ;
 ' To him the *Whigs* did Adoration pay,
 ' He was the *Darling Idol* they'd obey ;
 ' For him they strove all Power to ingross,
 ' At once to make their *Pigmy* a *Coloss* ;
 ' For him they rais'd you beyond all Hope,
 ' To be the *Horse-Block* for to mount him up.

Bruns. ' They're useful Engines to effect my
 (Ends,

' The Nation's Foes are my securest Friends.

Nass. ' The South-Sea Scheme by CRAIGGS and

(STANHOPE laid

' Had that *vile Game* when I bore Rule been plaid,

' My

' My Father's Fate had surely been my own,
 ' And from th' Imperial Seat I'd been cast down.
 ' When *Post* those worthy *Patriots* came to Hell,
 ' Your *Glories* to rehearse, your *Feats* to tell,
 ' With Wonder they astonish'd and surprized

(B. E L L.)

' But curst the cruel Fate which so decreed
 ' To cut them short at such a Time of Need ;
 ' When this last *Product* of your teeming Brain
 ' Had prov'd the Master-piece of all your Reign ;
 ' Not vain *Petitions*, nor *Protesting Peer*,
 ' Would then have stop'd the *Quarentine's Career* ;
 ' That *Blessed Plot* wherein at once was doom'd,
 ' This great Metropolis to be entomb'd ;
 ' The furious Zeal your *Minions* then employ'd,
 ' At once your *Hopeful Lineage* had destroy'd.
 ' If LORDS and COMMONS such vile Laws will make,
 ' To rend the *Empire* and its *Basis* shake ;

' Depend

‘ Depend on’t B R U N. the Forfeit of your
 (Throne,
 ‘ Must such destructive Measures soon atone.

Bruns. ‘ What you have said so much like Truth
 (doth look,

‘ That at each Accent I am Thunderstruck ;
 ‘ I unconcern’d could hear you Tax my Crime,
 ‘ But *Int’rest* is a Subject more sublime ;
 ‘ A Thousand Tortures now distract my Soul,
 ‘ And in a labyrinth of Cares I roll :
 ‘ ’Tis equal to *concur* or to *oppose*,
 ‘ By doing either I am sure of *Foes* ;
 ‘ For whether *Whig* or *Tory* I offend,
 ‘ The hate of either does my *Fall* portend ;
 ‘ The safest Way for me to stem the Tyde,
 ‘ Is to adhere unto the strongest Side ;
 ‘ Unite with them, and by their Measures steer,
 ‘ Be as *remorseless*, *rigid*, and *severe* ;

‘ And

‘ And when they think they’ve brought my ruin,

(on,

‘ With *Bribes* and *Pensions* some I’ll make my

(own,

‘ And call the *Dutch* to keep me on the Throne.

‘ ’Tis they shall keep my Rebel Subjects down,

‘ And to my Race insure the *British* Crown ;

‘ For since I G O D and P R O V I D E N C E deny,

‘ I’ll ask no Favour, but their Frowns defy,

‘ Sure of Success, on *Fortune* will rely.

Nass. ‘ That’s nobly said, it pleases wond’rous

(well,

‘ You tread in the directest Paths to *Hell* ;

‘ My own Resemblance in your Frame I see,

‘ My very *Second Self* in Soul art *Thee* ;

‘ G R E A T L U C I F E R will take us both for

(*Twins,*

‘ We are so very much alike in Sins ;

- ' Only in *One*. I must to you submit,
 ' I never could attain to *Incest* yet.
 ' Had I a Sister like your *Kilmanseck*,
 ' Perhaps *Relation* then had been no *Check* :
 ' Neither cou'd I defile an *OFFSPRING'S* Bed,
 ' And clap a Pair of *Antlers* on his Head.
 ' You cannot now deny him for your *Son*,
 ' His *FOREHEAD* is the Picture of your *own*,
 ' Besides the Pleasure that doth thence accrue,
 ' Of being *Father* and *Grandfather* too.
 ' So of the *T H I R D S U C C E S S I O N* there's no Fear,
 ' Who has a *Double Right* as *Double Heir*.
 ' In sweet Variety the Strumpet roves,
 ' And almost ev'ry Man *she* sees *she* loves :
 ' Apparent *Lust* in ev'ry Feature lies,
 ' And to allure talks *B A W D Y* with her Eyes ;
 ' When but in Infancy *she* early stray'd,
 ' And was as soon a *Harlot* as a *Maid* :
 ' Her *Brother* *She* to her Embrace decoy'd,
 ' And while he liv'd Incestuous Love enjoy'd :

' Scarce was her *Martyr* hurried to his Grave,
 ' But Man she wanted and a Man would have;
 ' So after him to change her Course of Life,
 ' She condescends to be both *Whore* and *Wife* :
 ' But there you must suspend your Joys a while,
 ' And wink at your COMPETITOR ARGYLE ;
 ' No boundless Favours can his Merit want,
 ' Who is the *Husband's Pimp*, the *Wife's GALLANT* :
 ' Let MARLB'ROUGH know 'tis Time that he make

(Haste,

' For should he stay 'till your *short Reign* be past,
 ' ARGYLE would come in *Play* at any *Rate*,
 ' And stand the fairest to *protect* the *State*.

Bruns. ' How can you, NASSAU, be so damn'd

(unjust,

' T' upbraid my *Passion*, and condemn my *Lust* ?
 ' When *Benten's Bum*, and *Portland's Common-shore*,
 ' Those *luscious Bits* supplied the Place of *WHORE* ;

‘ You in lascivious Courses did carouse,
 ‘ And for *Italian Sports* you rob’d your Spouse.

Nass. ‘ But I of *Lewdness* made a mod’rate Use,
 ‘ Content with *Sodomy* I that did choose,
 ‘ And but *Adult’ry* once did me seduce.
 ‘ You like a *Leacher* ravage here and there,
 ‘ And Death-like neither *Man* nor *Woman* spare ;
 ‘ Against my *Bandy* EARLS pray let me set
 ‘ Mrs *Mustapha* and MADAM *Mahomet*.
 ‘ Such *lovely Creatures* Man but must adore,
 ‘ For while in their *Backsides* you rake and pore,
 ‘ At once you *Bugg’ry* act as well as *Whore*.
 ‘ The Reason’s plain, their *Dress* an Emblem bears
 ‘ Of that loose Garb the Female *Coquet* wears.

‘ But Hark ! That Summons hastens me away,
 ‘ I must be gone before the Break of Day :
 ‘ To you *Just Conscience* I refer my Case,
 ‘ Which of us Two excel in Wickedness ;

‘ The

' The greatest Odds between us lies in this,
 ' I did relent, but he obdurate is.
 ' There needs no more to aggravate the *Cause*,
 ' I think he's damn'd secure by H^EAVEN'S LAWS.
 ' So I'll prepare my Room against he comes,
 ' We're so well suited that we must be *Chums*.
 ' Come CONING.—Knock your Torch and let's be
 (gone,

' For *Conscience* wants to talk with him alone.
 As soon as CONINGSMARK had trimm'd his Light,
 They turn'd about and vanish'd out of Sight.
 Then *Conscience* took her Turn and boldly cry'd,
You have reach'd REPROBATION and defy'd,
Past OVERTURES, unworthy now my Care,
I here resign you over to D E S P A I R.

The H O P E L E S S J A I L O R ready to obey,
 With an impetuous Fury seiz'd her P R E Y,
 And to her Dungeon hurried him away.
 To whom *Presumption* wisper'd as he past,
Flinch not a whit, you'll but be damn'd at last.

As the Jaylor is going off the Ghost of BURNET appears, and speaks.

Bur. ' What Mortal's doom'd to this our dark
(Abyss,
' Thus strikes my Ear, what honour'd Tool is this ?
' I hear approaching Feet ; whate'er thou art,
' Whom Darknefs from our Sight conceals, impart,

Jayl. ' Great GEORGE OF BRUNSWICK
(from the *British* Throne,
' To NASSAU'S ghastly Shades is hurrying
(down,

Bur. ' Poor *Vile Imposture* ever to expect,
' His *abject Race* could long those Realms protect :
To me GREAT NASSAU chiefly ow'd his
(Reign ;
' And but my Doctrine could his Right sustain :

' But J A Y L O R stay ; officious Haste retard,
 ' 'Till this Advice to *Britons* may be heard :
 ' Then with your *Charge* the *Stygian* Streams pursue,
 ' If Hell will but suffice to hold them Two.

The ~~Music~~ Musick sounds.

S O N G.

O ' E R a Pot of good Ale Men chatter and
 (rail

Against the Fanatical Crew ;

For electing a Tool to bear the chief Rule,

When *Cæsar* is kept from his Due :

But drinking, my Boys, is but as Wind's Noise,

'Twill never restore the right Heir,

Then throw by your Canns, and arm both your

(Hands,

To drive the Usurper elsewhere.

II.

Or to Ruin you run, as sure as a Gun,
 For see how the Devil now works;
 To ingross all your Wealth, and dispose it himself,
 To his BITCHES, damns WHORES, and
 (his TURKS:
 Whilst *Britain* does groan, and cry with sad Moan,
 Kind Heaven restore the right Heir:
 Then throw, &c.

III.

Like *Sodom* consum'd, and in Ashes entomb'd,
 So *ALBION* soon will appear;
 Devour'd and torn, by Brutes that are sworn,
 Neither God nor his Laws to revere:
 But and if that in Time you'll fight more than rhyme,
 You still may restore the right Heir.
 Then throw, &c.

IV.

Both God and his Laws put Swords in our Paws,
To fight for his Church and his King;
Against such a Brood, as no Nation e'er shew'd,
More fit than to rule for to swing:
Let Justice prescribe to send back this Tribe,
And fight to restore the right Heir.
Then throw, &c.

F I N I S.

VI

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